## TALES OF ALL COUNTRIES.

MRS. GENERAL TALBOYS.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Why Mrs. General Talboys first made up her mind to pass the winter of 1859 at Rome I never clearly understood. To myself she explained her purposes, soon after her arrival at the Eternal City, by declaring, in her own enthusiastic manner, that she was inspired by a burning desire to drink fresh at the still living auntains of classical poetry and sentiment. But I always thought that there was something more than this in it. Classical poetry and sentiment were doubtless very dear to her; but so size, I imagine, were the substantial comforts of Hardover Lodge, the General's house in Berkshire; and I do not think that she would have emigrated for the winter had there not been some slight domestic misunderstanding. Let this, however, be fully made clear, that such misunderstanding, if it existed, must have been simply an affair of temper. No impropriety of conduct has, I am very sure, ever been imputed to the lady. The General, as all the world knows, is hot; and Mrs. Talboys, when the sweet rivers of her enthusiasm are unfed by congenial waters, can, I believe, make herself

But be this as it may, in November, 1859, Mrs. Talboys came among us English at Rome, and soon succeeded in obtaining for herself a comfortable footing in our society. We all thought her more remarkable for her mental attributes than for physical perfection: but, nevertheless, she was, in her own way, a sightly woman. She had no special brilliance, either of eye or com-plexion, such as would produce sudden flames in susceptible hearts; nor did she seem to demand instant homage by the form and step of a goddess; but we found her to be a good-looking wo-man of some thirty or thirty three years of age, with soft peach-like cheeks—rather too like those of a cherub, with sparkling eyes which were hardly large enough, with good teeth, a white fore-head, a dimpled chin, and a full bust. Such, outwardly, was Mrs. General Talboys. The description of the inward woman is the purport to which these few pages will be devoted.

There are two qualities to which the best of mankind are much subject, which are nearly related to each other, and as to which the world has not yet decided whether they are to be classed among the good or evil attributes of our nature. Men and women are under the influence of them both, but men oftenest undergo the former, and women the latter. They are ambition and enthusiasm. Now Mrs. Talboys was an enthusiastic woman.

As to ambition, generally as the world agrees with Mark Antony in stigmatizing it as a grievous fault, I am myself clear that it is a virtue; but with ambition at present we have no concern. Enthusiasm, also, as I think, leans to virtue's side; or, at least, if it be a fault, of all at all of virtue, or even to be in any degree pretty, the enthusiasm must be true.

Bad coin is known from good by the ring of it,

and so is bad enthusiasm. Let the coiner be ever so clever at his art, in the coining of enthustasm the sound of true gold can never be imparted to the false metal. And I doubt whether the eleverest she in the world can make false enthusiasm palatable to the taste of man. To the taste of any woman the enthusiasm of

another woman is never very palatable. We understood at Rome that Mrs. Talboys had a considerable family-four or five children, we were told; but she brought with her only one daughter, a little girl about twelve years of age. She had torn herself asunder, as she told me, from the younger nurslings of her heart, and had left them to the care of a devoted female attendant, whose love was all but maternal. And then she said a word or two about the General, in terms which made me almost think that this quasi-maternal love extended itself beyond the children. The idea, however, was a mistaken one, arising from the strength of her language, to which I was then unaccustomed. I have since come aware that nothing can be more decorous than old Mrs. Upton, the excellent head nurse nt Hardover Lodge; and no gentleman more

discreet in his conduct than Gen. Talboys.

And I may as well here declare, also, that there could be no more virtuous woman than the General's wife. Her marriage vow was to her paramount to all other vows and bonds whatever. The General's honor was quite safe when he sent her off to Rome by herself; and he doubt knew that it was so. Illi robur et ers assailant could get the better. But, neverthe-less, we used to fancy that she had no repugnance to impropriety in other women—to what the world generally calls impropriety. Invincibly attached herself to the marriage tie, she would constantly speak of it as by no means necessarily binding on others; and, virtuous herself as any griffin of propriety, she constantly patronized, at any rate, the theory of infidelity in her neighbors. She was very eager in denouncing the prejudices of the English world, declaring that she had found existence among them to be no longer possible for herself. She was hot against the stern unforgiveness of British matrons, and equally eager bating the stiff conventionalities of a religion in which she said that none of its votaries had faith, though they all allowed themselves to be

We had at that time a small set at Rome, consisting chiefly of English and Americans, who habitually met at each other's rooms, and spent many of our evening hours in discussing Italian politics. We were, most of us, painters, poets, povelists, or sculptors-perhaps I should say would-be painters, poets, novelists, and sculptors—aspirants, hoping to become some day recognized; and among us Mrs. Talboys took her place, naturally enough, on account of a very pretty taste she nad for painting. I do not know that she ever originated anything that was grand; but she made some nice copies, and was wrote essays, too, which she showed in confidence to various gentlemen, and had some idea of taking lessons in modelling.

In all our circle Conrad Mackinnon, an American, was perhaps the person most qualified to be styled its leader. He was one who absolutely did gain his living, and an ample living, too, by his pen, and was regarded on all sides as a literary lion, justified by success in rearing at any tone that of a sucking dove or a nightingale, but it was a good-humored roar, not very ofable enough to some ladies. He was a big, burly man, near to fifty, as I suppose, some-what awkward in his gait and somewhat loud in his laugh. But though nigh to fifty and thus ungainly, he liked to be smiled on by pretty women, and liked, as some said, to be flattered by them also. If so, he should have been happy, for the ladies at Rome at that time made much of Conrad Mackinnon,

Of Mrs. Mackinnon no one did make very much, and yet she was one of the sweetest, deara man's fireside. She was exquisitely pretty, always in good humor, never stupid, self-denying to a fault, and yet she was generally in the back-ground. She would seldom come forward of her own will, but was contented to sit behind her tempot and hear Mackinnon do his roaring. He was certainly much given to what the world at Rome called flirting, but this did not in the least aunoy her. She was twenty years his junior, and yet she never firted with any one Women would tell her good-natured friends-how Mackinson went on; but she received such

tidings as an excellent joke, observing that he had always done the same, and no doubt always happy woman, and yet I used to think that she should have been happier. There is, however, no knowing the inside of another man's house or reading the riddies of another man's juy and sorrow.

entitled to roar a little, and of him also I must

he ever means to come back to earth; but when his foot is on terra firms he loves to feel the earthly substratum which supports his weight. With women he likes a hand that can remain an unnecessary moment within his own, an eye that can glisten with the sparkle of champagne, a heart weak enough to make its owner's arm tremble within his own beneath the moonlight gloom of the Coliseum arches. A dash of sentiment alone will not suffice for him, Mrs. Talboys did, I believe, drink her glass of champagne, as do other ladies; but with her it had no such pleasing effect. It loosened only her tongue, but never her eye. Her arm, never trembled, and her hand never lingered. The General was always safe, and happy, perhaps, in his solitary safety. It so happened that we had unfortunately among us two artists who had quarrelled with their wives. O'Brien, whom I have before mentioned, was one of them. In his case, I believe him to have been aimost as free from blame as a man can be whose marriage was in itself a fault. However, he had a wife in Ireland some ten years older than himself, and, though he might sometimes aimost forget the fact, his friends and neighbors were well aware of it. In the other oase the whole fault probably was with the husband. He was an ill-tempered, bad-hearted man, clever enough, but without principle, and he was continually guilty of the great sin of speaking evil of the woman whose name he should have been anxious to protect. In both cases our friend Mrs. Talboys took a warm interest, and in each she sympathized with the present husband against the absent wife.

Of the consoliation which she offered in the latter instance we used to hear something from Mackinnon. He would repeat to his wife, and to me and my wife, the conversations which she should have been anxious to protect. In both cases our friend Mrs. Talboys took a warm interest, "Mrs. Talboys was apt to boast of the horough confidence reposed in her by all those in whom she took an interest. "Yee, he has sought such comfort in another lo

"Not if the father and mother of all the Mowards had never been married," said Mackinnon.

"What; that from you, Mr. Mackinnon!" said Mrs. Talboys, turning her back with energy upon the equestrian statue, and looking up into the faces, first of Poliux and then of Castor, as though from them she might gain some inspiration on the subject which Marcus Aurelius in his coldness had denied to her. "From you, who have so nobly claimed for mankind the divine attributes of free action! From you, who have taught my mind to soar above the petty bonds which one man in his littleness contrives for the subjection of his brother. Mackinnon! you who are so great!" And she now looked up into his face. "Mackinnon, unsay those words."

"They are illegitimate," said he; "and if there was any landed property."

"Landed property! that from an American!"

"Landed property! The time will shortly come—ay, and I see it coming—when the halo-ful word shall be supnaged from the calendar: when landed property aball be no more. What! shall the free soul of a thod-born man submit itself forever to such trammels as that? Shall we never escape from the clay which so long has manached the subtler particles of the divine spirit? A, yee, Mackinnon." and then she took him by the arm and led him to the top of the huge steps which lead down from the Campidoglio into the streets of modern Rome.

"Look down upon that countless multitude." Mackinnon looked down and saw three groups of French soldiers, with three or four little men in each group; he saw also, a couple of dirty friars and three priests very slowly beginning the side ascent to the church of the Ara Coll. "Look down upon that countless multitude." Said Mrs. Talboys, and she stretched her arms out over the half-deserted city. "They are escaping now from these trammels—now, now—now that I am speaking."

"They have escaped long ago from all such trammels as that of landed property." said Mackinnon.

"A and from all terrestrial bonds," she continued not esacotly remarking the pith of his last

Way, beyond that most beautiful of all sepulchrea, the tomb of Cecilia Metelia. It was a delicious day, and we had driven along this road for a couple of miles beyond the walls of the city, enjoying the most lovely view which the neighborhood of home afronts-looking over the city of the city, enjoying the most lovely view which the neighborhood of home afronts-looking over virons of Rome this is on a fair, clear day, the most enchanting; and here perhaps, among a world of tomba, thoughts and almost memories of the old, old days come upon one with the greatest force. The grandeur of Home is best seen and understood from beneath the walls of the pillars of the Forum and the arches of the Sacred Way; but its history and fall become more palpable to the mind, and more clearly realized, out here among the tombs, where the eyes rest upon the mountains whose shades were cool to the old Romans at the tombs, where the eyes rest upon the mountains whose shades were cool to the old Romans are not remained and present within the walls of the city. I make the combination of the city of of the c

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"No you be charitable, then," said his wife.
"It should be a lady," said he.
"It should be a lady," said he.
"It is a pity that the mother of the spotless cherubim is not here for the occasion," said sho.
"I hardly think that any one less gifted will undertake such a self-sacrifice." Any attempt of the kind would, however, now have been too life, the there were already at the bottom of the persiclous contents of those long-necked bottles; and though no one could fairly accuse him of being tipsy, nevertheless that witch might have made others drunk had made him bold, and he dared to do—perhaps more than might become a man. If under any circumstances he could be fool enough to make an avoval of love to Mrs. Talboys, he might be expected, as we self felt, to do if now.

We watched them as they made for a gap in the wall which led through into the large endarent for charlot games, and they had gone down with the avowed purpose of searching where might have been the meta, and ascertaining how the drivers could have turned when at their full speed. For awhile we had heard their voices—or rather her voice especially. "The heart of a man, O'Hrien, should suffice for all emergencies," we heard her say. She had assumed a strange habit of calling men by their when he had this to Mackinson, who was much older than herself, we had been all amused by it, and other ladies of our party had taken to call him "Mackinson, who was much older than herself, we had been all amused by it, and other ladies of our party had taken to call him "Mackinson, who was much older than herself, we had been all amused by it, and other ladies of our party had taken to call him "Mackinson, who was much older than herself, we had been all amused by it, and other ladies of our party had taken to call him "Mackinson, who was much older than herself, we had been all amused by it, and other ladies of our party had taken to call him "Mackinson" when Mrs. Talboys and the will be to make the would have seemed the county of the world had taken to cannot be

what would you have done if she had agreed to go?"

"He never calculated on the possibility of such a contingency," said I.

"By heavens, then, I thought she would like it," said he.

"And to oblige her you were content to sacrifice yourself," said Mackinnon.

"Well, that was just it. What the deuce is a fellow to do when a woman goes on in that way. She told me down there, upon the old race course you know, that matrimonial bonds were made for fools and slaves. What was I to suppose that she meant by that? But to make all sure, I asked her what sort of a fellow the General was. 'Dear old man,' she said, clasping her hands together. 'He might, you know, have been my father.' 'I wish he were, said I.' because then you'd be free.' I am free, said is, because then you'd be free.' I am free, said is, because then you'd be free,' I am free, said she, stamping on the ground and looking up at me as much as to say that she cared for no one. 'Then,' said I, 'accept all that is left of the heart of Wenceslaus O'Brien,' and I threw myself before her in her path. 'Hand,' said I.' I have none to give, but the blood which runs red through my veins is descended from a double line of kings.' I said that because she is always fond of riding a high horse. I had gotten close under the wall, so that none of you should see me from the tower."

"And what answer did she make?" said Mackingon.

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"And what answer did she make?" said Mackinnon.

"Wily she was pleased as Punch; gave me both her hands and declared that we would be friends for ever. It is my belief, Mackinnon, that that woman never heard anything of the kind before. The General, no doubt, did it by letter."

"And how was it that she changed her mind."

"Why; I got up, put my arm round her waist, and told her that we would be off to Naples. I'm blest if she didn't give me a kneck in the ribs that nearly sent me backward. She took my breath away, so that I couldn't speak to her."

and told her that we would be off to Naples. I'm blest if she didn't give me a knock in the ribs that nearly sent me backward. She took my breath away, so that I couldn't speak to her."

"And then—"
"Oh, there was nothing more. Of course I saw how it was. So she walked off one way and I the other. On the whole I consider that I am well out of it."

"And so do I." said Mackinnon, very gravely. "But if you will allow me to give you my advice. I would suggest that it would be well to avoid such mistakes in future."

"Upon my word," said O'Brien, excusing himsolf, "I don't know what a man is to do under such circumstances. I give you my honor that I did it all to oblige her.

We then decided that Mackinnon should convex to the injured lady the numble apology of her late admirer. It was settled that no detailed excuses should be made. It should be left to her to consider whether the deed which had been done might have been occasioned by wine, or by the foliy of a moment—or by her own indiscreet enthusiasm. No one but the two were present when the message was given, and therefore we were obliged to trust to Mackinnon's accuracy for an account of it.

She stood on very high ground indeed, he said, at first refusing to hear anything he had to say on the matter. "The foolish young man," she declared, "was below her anger and below her contempt."

"He is not the first Irishman that has been made indiscreet by heastly," said Mackinnon.

"A truce to that," she replied, waving her hand with an air of assumed majesty. "The incident, contemptible as it is, has been unpleasant to me. It will necessitate my withdrawal from Mome."

"He greatest here that lives," she answered, "may have his house made uninhabitable by a very small insect." Mackinnon swore that those were her own words. Consequently a sobriquet was attached to O'Brien of which he by no means approved. And from that day we always called Mrs. Talloys; that will be making too much of him."

"The greatest here that lives," she answered, "may have his house made uninha

STREETS OF PERIN.

China's Capital Can Bonst Some of the Worst Thoroughfares in the World, The school geographies used to say, years ago, that Pekin was the most populous city in the world, but we have known for a long time that the capital of China is a third-rate city in point

ornamental two-story front of the Spanish Le gation, on the left side of Legation etreet, one of gation, on the left side of Legation street, one of the largest buildings on the thoroughfare. The square building in another picture, flanked by a lot of structures that look as though they had been taken over to thins from Shantytown, is the British Legation, whose from windows afford a good view of a very untilly thoroughfare. Our own legation occupies one of the best buildings in Pekin devoted to the service of foreign Governments.



passed even by some other Chinese towns. It is not believed that over \$00,000 people live in Pekin, and it is by no means an impressive town in any of its aspects.

The views of some of Pekin's streets that are seen here are enough to convince anybody that

There is no point in Pekin from which the observer may take a bird's-eye view of the whole city. The nigh walls that separate the different sections of the town render it impossible to get a comprehensive view from the tops of the houses. The best view is obtained from the top of these walls, which have long been a favorite strolling place for the white people who



the Street Cleaning Department ought to be hauled over the coals. There is often enough dust and rubbish or mud in these streets to render them almost impassable. Even in Legation street, where a number of the foreign embassies are housed, there is great need of a Good Roads Association.

Hive in Pekin. But even on these points of vantage the view is circumscribed by the trees and gardens which in the distance completely conceal large parts of the city.

The German explorer Von Richthofen wrots of Pekin as a city in decay, whose glory long ago departed. The time was when water was conducted in great stone-lined canals all over the city for the cleaning of the streets. The ruins of



The buildings occupied by the legations do not symbolize the greatness of the powers to any considerable extent, but they are substantial structures and are furnished with taste and elegance. Some of them are more commodious than would appear from the pictures. We get, for instance, only a glimpse of the more or less

IN THE PALACE GROUNDS. A Gilmpse of a Part of Pekin that Few Pe-

If we were standing on the spot where this scene were spread before us we should be look-

walls; for few foreigners and none of the ordinary subjects of the Emperor who are not attached to the court are admitted within the imperial enclosure, which forms quite a large city by itself in the northern part of Pekin.

scene were spread before us we should be looking east across one of the shallow lakes in the palace grounds at Pekin. Though the hill beyond the lake is not much of an eminence, it is the highest ground in Pekin, and the top of the building that surmounts it commands the most But suppose we are really made of no common



extensive view that can be obtained of the big town. Some parts of the city walls are the next best points of vantage for sight-seeing.

We should have to be persons of a good deal of importance to secure the privilege of standing on the shores of this lake; or, at least, if we were only ordinary folks, we should have to be numbered among the thousands of servants and other retainers who form a part of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever set food across its threshold. Quite recently, here or for a cross its threshold. Quite recently, here or for a cross its threshold. Quite recently, and no subject to the Emperor not in the court circle has ever set food across its threshold. Quite recently, the important Palace. It is the food across its threshold. Quite recently, the important Palace. Tomparatively few members of the court have ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever set food across its threshold. Quite recently, here is the example of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever seen seen its interior, and no subject of the Emperor not in the court circle has ever

an Interesting Sight From a California Monatain at Sunrise.

Prom the San Francisco Chronicle.

Just about four times a year the sunrise visitor to Mount Diablo's summit may winnes a rare phenomenon, the "shadow of the devil," talked of vaguely for scores of years all along the Contra Costa county side. A long time ago the Spaniards who dwelt here about a bujerstitious fancies, and holding it to be a thing significant of good or ii. The sheepman or rancher whom sunrise found near chough the peak on the quarterly shadow days to see the peak on the quarterly shadow days to see the strange landscape freak would cross himself piously and go home believing he had an omen. Last Sunday, Nov. 11, the first photograph ever taken of the shadow was made from the top of Diablo a few minutes after sunrise. It is in a way a notable picture, and the taking of it in a way a notable picture, and the taking of the party which went up blashe was compared to the summit, pus